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Murphy

Three Weeks after Marriage

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LOS ANGELES

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In COVENT-GARDEN.

———Otium & oppidi
Laudat rura ſui——— Hor.
——— Nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala——— Hor.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Meſſieurs Price, Corcoran, W. Watson, Wilkinson, Sheppard, Burrowes, Chamberlain, Potts, J. Hoey, W. Colles, J. Williams, R. Moncrieffe, C. Jenkin, Armitage, Walker, E. Cross, Burnet, P. Wilson, R. Stewart, Mills, Higly, Wogan, Bonham, Hillary, Kidd, Colbert, Beatty, and Talbot.

M,DCC,LXXVI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following farce was offered to the public in January 1764; but the quarrel about a trifle, and the renewal of that quarrel after the diſpute had ſubſided, being thought unnatural, the piece was *damned*. Mr. LEWIS of Covent-Garden Theatre, had the courage to revive it for his benefit in March laſt, with an alteration of the title, and it has been ſince repeated with ſucceſs. A ſimilar incident happened to VOLTAIRE at PARIS. That writer, in the year 1734, produced a tragedy, intitled ADELAIDE DU GUESCLIN, which was hiſſed through every act. In 1765, LE KAIN, an actor of eminence, revived the play, which had lain for years under condemnation. Every ſcene was applauded. What can I think, ſays VOLTAIRE, of theſe oppoſite judgments? He tells the following anecdote. A banker at Paris had orders to get a new march compoſed for one of the regiments of Charles XII. He employed a man of talents for the purpoſe. The march was prepared and a practice of it had at the banker's houſe before a numerous aſſembly. The muſic was found deteſtable. MOURET (that was the compoſer's name) retired with his performance, and ſoon after inſerted it in one of his operas. The banker and his friends went to the opera; the march was applauded. Ah, ſays the banker, *that's what we wanted: why did you not give us ſomething in this taſte?* Sir, replied MOURET, the march which you now applaud, is the very ſame that you condemned before.

881295

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN

Sir CHARLES RACKETT,	Mr. LEWIS.
DRUGGET,	Mr. QUICK.
LOVELACE,	Mr. BOOTH.
WOODLEY,	Mr. YOUNG.

WOMEN.

Lady RACKETT,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. DRUGGET,	Mrs. PITT.
NANCY,	Miſs DAYES.
DIMITY,	Mrs. GREEN.

A Servant, &c.

Three Weeks after Marriage;

ACT I.

Enter Woodley *and* Dimity.

Dimity.

PO! Po!—no ſuch thing—I tell you Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in theſe affairs.

Wood. Nay, but liſten to reaſon, Mrs. Dimity,—— has not your maſter, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country-ſeat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!——you put a body out of all patience——But go on your own way, Sir; my advice is all loſt upon you.

Wood. You do me injuſtice, Mrs. Dimity——your advice has governed my whole conduct——Have not I fixed an intereſt in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An intereſt in a fiddleſtick!——You ought to have made love to the father and mother—What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by ſpeaking fine things to the lady you've a fancy for?—That was the practice, indeed; but things are alter'd now——you muſt addreſs the old people, Sir; and never trouble your head about your miſtreſs—None of your letters, and verſes, and ſoft looks, and fine ſpeeches,—" Have compaſſion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying"—Pſhaw! ſtuff! nonſenſe! all out of faſhion.—Go your ways to the old curmudgeon, humour his whims—" I ſhall eſ-

teem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taſte." "Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman"——Then wheel about to the mother: "Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I ſhall adore her for your ſake." "Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worſe." "La, mama, I can never conſent."—"I ſhould not have thought of your conſent—the conſent of your relations is enough: why, how now, huſſey!" So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honey-moon follows, the charm is then diſſolv'd; you go to all the clubs in St. James's Street; your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctor's Commons; and, if faults on both ſides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the reſt of your lives: that's the way of the world now.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be ſure you did not fall aſleep in their company; but what then?——You ſhould have entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and ſacrificed to their abſurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank——

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourſelf.—Have not you to do with a rich old ſhop-keeper, retired from buſineſs with an hundred thouſand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the duſt of the London road, which he calls living in the country——and yet you muſt find fault with his ſituation!—What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his houſe and gardens, you know his heart is ſet upon it; and could not you have commended his taſte? But you muſt be too frank!——"Thoſe walks and alleys are too regular—thoſe evergreens ſhould not be cut into ſuch fantaſtic ſhapes."—And thus you adviſe a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monſtrous, to follow nature—Oh, you're likely to be a ſucceſsful lover!

Wood. But why ſhould I not ſave a father-in-law from being a laughing ſtock?

Dim.

Dim. Make him your father-in-law firſt—

Wood. Why, he can't open his windows for the duſt—he ſtands all day looking through a pane of glaſs at the carts and ſtage-coaches, as they paſs by, and he calls that living in the freſh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

Dim. And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruin'd yourſelf by talking ſenſe to him; and all your nonſenſe to the daughter won't make amends for it.—And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinſel man of faſhion for her ſecond daughter —"Don't you ſee (ſays ſhe) how happy my eldeſt girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Rackett. She has been married three entire weeks, and not ſo much as one angry word has paſs'd between them—Nancy ſhall have a man of quality too."

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, ſo do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at laſt—But what then? You ſhould have humour'd the old folks,—you ſhould have been a talking empty fop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taſte in gardening. But you have loſt him—he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the houſe with him; the coxcomb ingratiates himſelf by flattery, and you're undone by frankneſs.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't deſpair.

Dim. And yet you have reaſon to deſpair; a million of reaſons—To-morrow is fix'd for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engag'd, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithſtanding.—The family is ſitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all up, in the next room there, till they arrive—and to-morrow the buſineſs is over—and yet you don't deſpair!—Huſh!—hold your tongue; here comes, Lovelace.—Step in, and I'll deviſe ſomething, I warrant you. [*Exit* Woodley.] The old folks ſhall not have their own way—'Tis enough to vex a body,

to

to ſee an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they pleaſe, in ſpite of all I can do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Drugget *and* Lovelace.

Drug. And ſo you like my houſe and gardens, Mr. Lovelace.

Love. Oh! perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taſte of all things. One ſees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of ſimplicity; but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

Drug. Very true, rightly diſtinguiſh'd:—now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myſelf.

Love. What, had you none of the great proficients in gardening to aſſiſt you?

Drug. Lackaday! no,——ha! ha! I underſtand theſe things—I love my garden. The front of my houſe, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

Lov. Elegant to a degree!

Drug. Don't you like the ſun-dial, plac'd juſt by my dining-room windows!

Lov. A perfect beauty!

Drug. I knew you'd like it—and the motto is ſo well adapted—*Tempus edax & index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it—Time eateth and diſcovereth all things—ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace! I have ſeen people ſo ſtare at it as they paſs by——ha! ha!

Lov. Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has ſuch a thing.

Drug. Oh no—they have got into a falſe taſte. I bought that bit of ground, the other ſide of the road—and it looks very pretty—I made a duck-pond there, for the ſake of the proſpect.

Love. Charmingly imagin'd!

Drug. My leaden images are well—

Love. They exceed antient ſtatuary.—

Drug. I love to be ſurpriz'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can ſay nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts—ha! ha! Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you—Juſt by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure,

figure, with a ſcythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth—that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace.——

Love. That eſcap'd me: a thouſand thanks for pointing it out—I obſerve you have two very fine yew-trees before the houſe.

Drug. Lackaday, Sir! they look uncouth—I have a deſign about them—I intend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the ſhape of the two giants at Guildhall—ha! ha!

Love. Exquiſite!—Why then they wont look like trees.——

Drug. Oh, no, no,—not at all—I wont have any thing in my garden that looks like what it is—ha! ha!

Love. Nobody underſtands theſe things like you, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Lackaday! its all my delight now—this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make ſtill—I propoſe to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I ſhall have the Moro caſtle, and the Havanna; and then near it ſhall be ſhips of myrtle, ſailing upon ſeas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Why you have the moſt fertile invention, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden—but I muſt beg your pardon for a few moments—I muſt ſtep and ſpeak with a famous nurſeryman, who is come to offer me ſome choice things—Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace—my daughter Rackett and Sir Charles will be here preſently—I ſhan't go to bed till I ſee 'em—ha! ha!—my place is prettily variegated—this is what I have been working for—I fin'd for Sheriff to enjoy theſe things—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Love. Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunk, in his little box at the ſide of a dyke, has as much taſte and elegance.—However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden

den of that flower—why then I ſhall ſay, "This is what I have been working for."

Enter Dimity.

Dim. Do lend us your aſſiſtance, Mr. Lovelace—your'e a ſweet gentleman, and love a good-natur'd action.

Love. Why how now! what's the matter?

Dim. My maſter is going to cut the two yew-trees into the ſhape of two devils, I believe; and my poor miſtreſs is breaking her heart for it.—Do, run and adviſe him againſt it—ſhe is your friend, you know ſhe is, Sir.

Love. Oh, if that's all—I'll make that matter eaſy directly.

Dim. My miſtreſs will be for ever oblig'd to you; and you'll marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric ſhall diſſuade him.

Dim. And, Sir, put him againſt dealing with that nurſery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Love. Does ſhe?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more, the buſineſs is done. [*Exit.*

Dim. If he ſays one word, old Drugget will never forgive him.—My brain was at its laſt ſhift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter Nancy.

Nan. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My ſtars! what makes you up, Miſs?—I thought you were gone to bed!

Nan. What ſhould I go to bed for? only to tumble and toſs, and fret, and be uneaſy—they are going to marry me, and I am frighted out of my wits.

Dim. Why then you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frighten'd at ſuch a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me chuſe for myſelf.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nan. My mama does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of faſhion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the faſhion.

Nan.

Nan. Ah! I know there's a faſhion for new bonnets, and a faſhion for dreſſing the hair—but I never heard of a faſhion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart moſtly follows the faſhion now.

Nan. Does it!—Pray who ſets the faſhion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o'my conſcience.

Nan. And what's the laſt new faſhion, pray?

Dim. Why to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; ſomething of a pert phraſe, a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable taylor.

Nan. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of faſhion.

Nan. Why then I'll wait till that faſhion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan. Pſhaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the moſt miſerable man in the world, and the confident thing looks ſo pleas'd with himſelf all the while.—I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I ſhould not be able to bear the life my ſiſter leads with Sir Charles Rackett—and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel ſoon.

Dim. Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a-while—A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be ſomewhat of the quickeſt—By and by we ſhall hear of their whims and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what ſay you to Mr. Woodley?

Nan. Ah!—I don't know what to ſay—but I can ſing ſomething that will explain my mind.

SONG.

1.

WHEN firſt the dear youth paſſing by,
Diſclos'd his fair form to my ſight,
I gaz'd, but I could not tell why;
My heart it went throb with delight.

2.

As nearer he drew, thoſe ſweet eyes
Were with their dear meaning ſo bright,
I trembled, and, loſt in ſurprize,
My heart it went throb with delight.

3.

When his lips their dear accents did try
The return of my love to excite,
I feign'd, yet began to gueſs why
My heart it went throb with delight.

4.

We chang'd the ſtol'n glance, the fond ſmile,
Which lovers alone read aright;
We look'd, and we ſigh'd, yet the while
Our hearts they went throb with delight.

5.

Conſent I ſoon bluſh'd, with a ſigh
My promiſe I ventur'd to plight;
Come, Hymen, we then ſhall know why
Our hearts they go throb with delight.

Enter Woodley.

Wood. My ſweeteſt angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you was liſtening. You ſhould not have betray'd me ſo, Dimity: I ſhall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that.—Run both into my room, and ſay all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haſte away.—

[*Exeunt* Woodley *and* Nancy.

Enter Drugget.

Drug. A forward preſuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you ſtep to Mrs. Drugget, and ſend her hither.

Dim. Yes, Sir;—It works upon him I ſee.—

[*Exit.*

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, becauſe they'll help to keep off the duſt, and I am too near

near the road already—a ſorry ignorant fop!—When I am in ſo fine a ſituation, and can ſee every carriage that goes by.—And then to abuſe the nurſery-man's rarities!—A finer ſucking pig in lavender, with ſage growing in his belly, was never ſeen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's noſe not quite grown, but it's thought in the ſpring will be very forward—I'll have that too, with the ſerpent in ground ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feaſt in honey-ſuckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: and three modern beaux in jaſſamine, ſomewhat ſtunted: they all ſhall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace ſay what they will.—

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. D. Did you ſend for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees ſhall be cut into the giants of Guild-hall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleaſes.

Drug. And the pond, tho' you praiſe the green banks, ſhall be wall'd round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, ſpouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My ſweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nurſery-man's whole catalogue—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almoſt four miles from London, that I won't do as I pleaſe in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in ſuch a paſſion.

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and there ſhant be a more romantic ſpot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm ſure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myſelf, and I'll do more—And Mr. Lovelace ſhant have my daughter.—

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He ſhall learn better manners than to abuſe my houſe and gardens.—You put him in the head of

it, but I'll disappoint ye both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—don't ask me, pray dont;—I don't like pain.

Drug. I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. [*Cries*] Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither—

Mrs. D. Oh! Oh!

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackett arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again—You know, my sweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his Lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy.

Enter Dimity.

Dim. Sir Charles and his lady, Ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!—Where are they? I long to see 'em? [*Exit.*

Dim. Well, Sir; the happy couple are arriv'd.

Drug. Yes they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! Don't forbode any ill, you jade—don't, I say,—It will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humour'd—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

Dim Yes, Sir, I have done;—and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head—When once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! but here he comes. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. My dear Sir, I kiſs your hand—but why ſtand on ceremony? To find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expreſſion.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My obligations to you are inexpreſſible; you have given me the moſt amiable of girls; our tempers accord like uniſons in muſic.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir Cha. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our ſiter Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why my wife is ſo minded.

Sir Cha. Oh, by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow Lovelace—And as to that Mr.—Woodley I think you call him—he is but a plain underbred, ill faſhioned ſort of a—Nobody knows him; he is not one of us—Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it muſt be ſo—Would you take any refreſhment?

Sir Cha. Nothing in nature—it is time to retire.

Drug. Well, well! good night then, Sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter--Good night, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Bon repos.

Drug. [*Going out.*] My Lady Rackett, I'm glad to hear how happy you are, I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. I muſt humour this old putt, in order to be remember'd in his will.

Enter Lady Rackett.

Lady R. O la!—I'm quite fatigu'd—I can hardly move—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir Cha. There; take my arm—"Was ever thing ſo pretty made to walk."

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. Don't you?

Lady R. No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you help me off with my glove! pſhaw!—You aukward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me,

I might as well not be married, for any uſe you are of—Reach me a chair—You have no compaſſion for me—I am ſo glad to ſit down—Why do you drag me to routs—You know I hate 'em?

Sir Cha. Oh! there's no exiſting, no breathing, unleſs one does as other people of faſhion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour, I loſt all my money.

Sir Cha. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir Cha. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happineſs.

Lady R. Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to pleaſe me?

Sir Cha. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool!—but I hate gaming—It almoſt metamorphoſes a woman into a fury—Do you know that I was frighted at myſelf ſeveral times to-night—I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir Cha. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myſelf at it—and ſo I bit my lips—and then I was cramm'd up in a corner of the room with ſuch a ſtrange party at a whiſt-table, looking at black and red ſpots—did you mind 'em?

Sir Cha. You know I was buſy elſewhere.

Lady R. There was that ſtrange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightſhade—She behav'd ſo ſtrangely to her huſband, a poor, inoffenſive, good natur'd, good ſort of a good for nothing kind of man,—but ſhe ſo teiz'd him—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and ſo has a pin—You're a numſcull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the pooreſt head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Ah fy!—I'm aſham'd of you!"

Sir Cha. She has ſerv'd to divert you, I ſee.

Lady R. And then to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all ſeaſon, time, and place—In the very midſt of the game ſhe begins, "Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehenſive I ſhould not be able to wait on your La'ſhip—my poor little dog, Pompey—the ſweeteſt

ſweeteſt thing in the world,—a ſpade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine froſty morning it was—I love froſty weather of all things—Let me look at the laſt trick—and ſo Me'm, little Pompey—And if your La'ſhip was to ſee the dear creature pinch'd with the froſt, and mincing his ſteps along the mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And ſo Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimſey—Your La'ſhip knows Captain Flimſey—Nothing but rubbiſh in my hand—I can't help it—And ſo, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beſet my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can reſiſt five at once?—And ſo Pompey barked for aſſiſtance—the hurt he received was upon his cheſt—the doctor would not adviſe him to venture out till the wound is heal'd, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

Sir Cha. My dear, you'd make a moſt excellent actreſs.

Lady R. Well, now let's go to reſt—but Sir Charles, how ſhockingly you play'd that laſt rubber, when I ſtood looking over you!

Sir Cha. My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

Sir Cha. Po! nonſenſe! you don't underſtand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I am allowed to play better than you.

Sir Cha. All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No ſuch thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

Si. Cha. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card againſt the world.

Lady R. Oh, no, no, no, I ſay it was the diamond.

Sir Cha. Zounds! Madam, I ſay it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into ſuch a paſſion for?

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be ſo—have it your own way [*walks about and ſings.*]

Sir Cha. Vexation! you're the ſtrangeſt woman that ever liv'd; there's no converſing with you—Look'ye here, my Lady Racket—it's the cleareſt caſe in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, Sir! ha! ha! ha! [*with a ſneering laugh.*]

Sir Cha. I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were ſix—no, no, no, they were ſeven, and we nine—then you know—the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now its amazing to me, that you can't ſee it—give me leave Sir Charles—your left hand adverſary had led his laſt trump—and he had before fineſs'd the club, and rough'd the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond——

Sir Cha. Zoons! Madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

Lady R. And ſure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Cha. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, Sir.

Sir Cha. Zoons, hear me, I ſay—will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life. [*Hums a Tune, and walks about fretfully.*]

Sir Cha. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—[*Looks at her, and ſhe walks about, and laughs uneaſily.*] Very well, Madam;—You know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the houſe—You know no more of whiſt than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha! ha! ha! [*Takes out a Glaſs and ſettles her Hair.*]

Sir Cha. You're a vile woman, and I'll not ſleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Cha. Madam, it ſhall be as I pleaſe—I'll order my chariot this moment—[*Going.*] I know how the cards ſhould be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you—[*Going.*]—And when your family were ſtanding behind counters, meaſuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my anceſtors, my anceſtors, Madam, were ſquandering away whole

eſtates

eſtates at Cards; whole eſtates, my Lady Rackett—[*She hums a Tune, and he looks at her*]—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent—Look'ye, my Lady Rackett—thus it ſtood—the trump being led, it was then my buſineſs—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be ſure.

Sir Cha. Damn it, I have done with you for ever, and ſo you may tell your father. [*Exit.*

Lady R. What a paſſion the gentleman's in! ha! ha! [*Laughs in a peeviſh Manner.*] I promiſe him, I'll not give up my judgment.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My Lady Rackett, look'ye, Ma'am—once more out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Sir, I am convinc'd of your good-nature.

Sir Cha. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it ſo—I have no objection.

Sir Cha. It's the cleareſt point in the world—we were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that very reaſon:—You know the club was the beſt in the houſe.

Sir Cha. There is no ſuch thing as talking to you—You're a baſe woman—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantaſtical ever-greens, till you grow as fantaſtical yourſelf—I'll ſet out for London this inſtant—[*Stops at the Door.*] The club was not the beſt in the houſe.

Lady R. How calm you are? Well!—I'll go to bed;—will you come?—you had better—come then—you ſhall come to bed—not come to bed when I aſk you!—Poor Sir Charles! [*Looks and laughs, then exit.*

Sir Cha. That eaſe is provoking. [*Croſſes to the oppoſite Door where ſhe went out.*]—I tell you the diamond was not the play, and I here take my final leave of you—[*Walks back as faſt as he can.*] I am reſolv'd upon it, and I know the club was not the beſt in the houſe. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Dimity.

Dimity.

HA! ha! ah! oh! heavens! I ſhall expire in a fit of laughing—This is the modiſh couple that were ſo happy—ſuch a quarrel as they have had—the whole houſe is in an up-roar—ha! ha! A rare proof of the happineſs they enjoy in high life. I ſhall never hear people of faſhion mentioned again, but I ſhall be ready to die in a fit of laughter—ho! ho! ho! this is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter Drugget.

Drug. Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity?—What am I call'd down ſtairs for?

Dim. Why there's two people of faſhion—[*Stifles a laugh.*]

Drug. Why, you ſaucy minx!—Explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour—are you ſatisfied now?

Drug. Ay!—what have they quarrell'd—what was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehenſion, and yours too, I believe—People in high life underſtand their own forms beſt—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. [*To the People within.*] I ſay, let the horſes be put-to this moment—So, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible buſtle—I did not expect this—what can be the matter?

Sir Cha. I have been us'd by your daughter, in ſo baſe, ſo contemptuous a manner, that I am determin'd not to ſtay in this houſe to-night.

Drug.

Drug. This is a thunder-bolt to me! after ſeeing how elegantly and faſhionably you liv'd together, to find now all ſunſhine vaniſh'd—Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach if poſſible.

Sir Cha. Sir, 'tis impoſſible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over haſty—let me intreat you, go to bed and ſleep upon it—in the morning when you're cool—

Sir Cha. Oh, Sir, I am very cool, I aſſure—ha! ha! —it is not in her power, Sir, to—a—a—to diſturb the ſerenity of my temper—Don't imagine that I'm in a paſſion—I'm not ſo eaſily ruffled as you may imagine—But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a falſe, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

Drug. The injuries done you by a falſe, ungrateful wife! My daughter I hope—

Sir Cha. Her character is now fully known to me—ſhe's a vile woman! that's all I have to ſay, Sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—a vile woman—what has ſhe done—I hope ſhe is not capable—

Sir Cha. I ſhall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumſtances won't allow it at preſent—But depend upon it, I have done with her—a low, unpoliſh'd, uneducated, falſe, impoſing—See if the horſes are put-to.

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in ſuch a tremble—Sir Charles, I ſhall break my heart if there's any thing amiſs.

Sir Cha. Madam, I am very ſorry, for your ſake—but there is no poſſibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! What can ſhe have done?

Sir Cha. What all her ſex can do, the very ſpirit of them all.

Drug. Ay! ay! ay!—She's bringing foul diſgrace upon us—This comes of her marrying a man of faſhion.

Sir Cha. Faſhion, Sir!—That ſhould have inſtructed her better—She might have been ſenſible of her happi-

neſs

neſs—Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims reſpect—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raiſed in the world as ſhe has been by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may eſtimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir Cha. And, Sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you muſt give me leave to tell you—

Sir Cha. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir Cha. Nothing can excuſe her—'tis to no purpoſe—She has married above her; and if that circumſtance makes the lady forget herſelf, ſhe at leaſt ſhall ſee that I can, and will ſupport my own dignity.

Drug. But, Sir, I have a right to aſk—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience, I muſt and will enquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be ſo haſty, my love; have ſome reſpect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his faſhion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I ſay—you're not a perſon of faſhion at leaſt—My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Cha. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then its all over—and it does not ſignify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I ſhould live to ſee this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take ſuch wickedneſs in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and ſpeak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. She ſtands detected now—detected in her trueſt colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumſtances of this unhappy buſineſs.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I have not leiſure now—but her behaviour has been ſo exaſperating, that I ſhall make the beſt of my way to town—My mind is fixed—She ſees me no more, and ſo, your ſervant Sir. [*Exit.*

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and ſo well diſpos'd, till the evil communi-

cation

cation of high life, and fashionable vices, turn'd her to folly.

Enter Lovelace.

Love. Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

Drug. Don't insult me, Sir,—I desire you won't.

Love. Insult you, Sir!—is there any thing insulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

Drug. There! there!—the manners of high life for you—He thinks there's nothing in all this—the ill behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character—Mr. Lovelace you shall have no daughter of mine.

Love. My dear Sir, never bear malice—I have reconsidered the thing, and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the court of Aldermen in hornbeam——

Drug. Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

Love. Yes, faith, so there may—and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

Drug. But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you—no more daughters of mine shall have their minds deprav'd by polite vices.

Enter Woodley.

Mr. Woodley—you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promis'd you—take her to-morrow morning.

Wood. Sir, I have not words to express—

Love. What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now?

Drug. And hark ye, Mr. Woodley—I'll make you a present for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

Wood. I shall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

Drug. Ay, ay! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks—I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone!——Is Sir Charles Rackett gone?

Wood.

Wood. Not yet;—he makes a bawling yonder for his horſes——I'll ſtep and call him to you. [*Exit.*

Drug. I am out of all patience——I am out of my ſenſes——I muſt ſee him once more——Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any perſon of faſhion, ſhall ruin another daughter of mine. [*Exit.*

Love. Droll this!—damn'd droll! And every ſyllable of it Arabic to me—the queer old putt is as whimſical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the caſe—I'll bruſh, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Rackett, Mrs. Drugget, and Dimity.

Lady R. A cruel barbarous man! to quarrell in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole houſe, and expoſe me and himſelf too.

Mrs. D. Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this—your ſhame won't end here; it will be all over St. James's pariſh by to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it muſt be ſo, there's one comfort, the ſtory will tell more to his diſgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a ſinner, and ſo it will, Madam. He deſerves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her—you ſhock me to hear you ſpeak ſo—I did not think you had been ſo harden'd.

Lady R. Harden'd do you call it?——I have liv'd in the world to very little purpoſe, if ſuch trifles as theſe are to diſturb my reſt.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl!——Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falſhood to your huſband's bed?

Lady R. How!— [*Turns ſhort, and ſtares at her.*

Dim. That! that's a mere trifle indeed—I have been in as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now, I'm ſure.

Mrs. D. My Lady Rackett, My Lady Rackett, I never could think to ſee you come to this deplorable ſhame.

Lady R. Surely the baſe man has not been capable of laying any thing of that ſort to my charge—[*Aſide.*] All this is unaccountable to me—ha! ha!—'tis ridiculous beyond meaſure.

Dm.

Dim. That's right, Madam:——Laugh at it—you ſerv'd him right.

Mrs. D. Charlotte! Charlotte! I'm aſtoniſh'd at your wickedneſs.

Lady R. Well, I proteſt and vow I don't comprehend all this—has Sir Charles accus'd me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has—he has found you out, and you have behav'd baſely, he ſays.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your ſex, he ſays; and he is reſolv'd to come to a ſeparation directly.

Lady R. Why then if he is ſo baſe a wretch as to diſhonour me in that manner, his heart ſhall ake before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that Ma'am, and let his head ake into the bargain.

Mrs. D. Your poor father heard it as well as me.

Lady R. Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment—Let him return to London—if he does not, I'll lock myſelf up, and the falſe one ſhan't approach me, tho' he beg on his knees at my very door—a baſe injurious man! [*Exit.*

Mrs. D. Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf. [*Exit.*

Dim. She has excuſe enough I warrant her——What a noiſe is here indeed!—I have liv'd in polite families, where there was no ſuch buſtle made about nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles *and* Drugget.

Sir *Cha.* 'Tis in vain, Sir, my reſolution is taken—

Drug. Well, but conſider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to ſay in her defence.

Sir *Cha.* She can have nothing to ſay—no excuſe can palliate ſuch behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too poſitive—there may be ſome miſtake.

Sir *Cha.* No miſtake—did not I ſee her, hear her myſelf?

Drug. Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

Sir *Cha.* She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—She may thank herſelf—She might have been happy, had ſhe been ſo diſpos'd.

Drug. Why truly, I think ſhe might.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. *D.* I wiſh you'd moderate your anger a little—and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir *Cha.* Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. *D.* She does indeed.

Sir *Cha.* And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. *D.* She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir *Cha.* So! She does not allow it to be wrong then!—Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly, I ſay, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs. *D.* Then you are in oppoſite ſtories—She ſwears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl ſwears ſhe never was guilty of the ſmalleſt infidelity to her huſband in her born days.

Sir *Cha.* And what then?—What if ſhe does ſay ſo!

Mrs. *D.* And if ſhe ſays truly, it is hard her character ſhould be blown upon without juſt cauſe.

Sir *Cha.* And is ſhe therefore to behave ill in other reſpects? I never charg'd her with infidelity to me, Madam——there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did not you charge her then?

Sir *Cha.* No, Sir, I never dreamt of ſuch a thing.

Drug. Why then, if ſhe's innocent, let me tell you, you're a ſcandalous perſon.

Mrs. *D.* Prithee, my dear——

Drug. Be quiet——tho' he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it—did not I fine for ſheriff?——Yes, you are a ſcandalous perſon to defame an honeſt man's daughter.

Sir *Cha.* What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charg'd her with falſhood to your bed.

Sir *Cha.* No—never—never.

Drug.

Drug. But I ſay you did—you call'd yourſelf a cuckold—did not he wife?

Mrs. *D.* Yes, Lovey, I'm witneſs.

Sir *Cha.* Abſurd! I ſaid no ſuch thing—

Drug. But I aver you did———

Mrs. *D.* You did, indeed, Sir———

Sir *Cha.* But I tell you no—poſitively, no.

Drug. and Mrs. D. And I ſay, yes——poſitively yes———

Sir *Cha.* 'Sdeath, this is all madneſs.——

Drug. You ſaid that ſhe follow'd the ways of moſt of her ſex———

Sir *Cha* I ſaid ſo———and what then?

Drug. There he owns it—owns that he call'd himſelf a cuckold—and without rhyme or reaſon into the bargain———

Sir *Cha.* I never own'd any ſuch thing———

Drug. You own'd it even now——now——now—now———

Enter Dimity, *in a fit of laughing.*

Dim. What do you think it was all about—ha! ha! the whole ſecret is come out, ha! ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha! ha!

Drug A game of cards!———

Dim (laughing) It was all about a club and a diamond. *(runs out laughing.)*

Drug. And was that all Sir Charles?

Sir *Cha.* And enough too, Sir———

Drug. And was that what you found her out in!

Sir *Cha.* I can't bear to be contradicted, when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

Drug. I never heard of ſuch a heap of nonſence in all my life——Woodley ſhall marry Nancy.

Mrs. *D.* Don't be in a hurry my love, this will all be made up.

Drug. Why does he not go and beg her pardon then?

Sir *Cha.* I beg her pardon! I won't debaſe myſelf to any of you—I ſhan't forgive her, you may reſt aſſur'd—— [*Exit.*

Drug. Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you—

Mrs. *D.* I'll ſtep and prevail on my Lady Racket to ſpeak to him——then all will be well. [*Exit.*

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worſe however.

Enter Nancy.

So Nancy—you ſeem in confuſion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it?—With all this noiſe in the houſe, and your going to marry me as ill as my ſiſter——I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why ſo, child?

Nan. I know theſe people of quality deſpiſe us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themſelves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And ſo you ſhall—don't fright yourſelf, child—ſtep to your ſiſter, bid her make herſelf eaſy—go, and comfort her, go———

Nan. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Drug. I'll ſtep and ſettle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles, *with a Pack of Cards in his Hand.*

Sir *Cha.* Never was any thing like her behaviour—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the ſun—there—now—there—no damn it—no—there it was—now let's ſee—They had four by honours—and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation! honours were divided—ay! honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other ſide had the—confuſion!—this prepoſterous woman has put it all out of my head—[*Puts the Cards into his Pocket.*] Mighty well Madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. *D.* Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail—come with me and ſpeak to her.

Sir *Cha.* I don't deſire to ſee her face.

Mrs.

Mrs. *D.* If you were to ſee her all bath'd in tears, I am ſure it would melt your very heart.

Sir *Cha.* Madam, it ſhall be my fault if ever I am treated ſo again——I'll have nothing to ſay to her—[*Going, ſtops.*] Does ſhe give up the point?

Mrs. *D.* She does, ſhe agrees to any thing.

Sir *Cha.* Does ſhe allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. *D.* Juſt as you pleaſe—She's all ſubmiſſion.

Sir *Cha.* Does ſhe own that the club was not the beſt in the houſe?

Mrs. *D.* She does—She does—

Sir *Cha.* Then I'll ſtep and ſpeak to her—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *D.* Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Nancy.

Nan. Well! they may talk what they will of taſte, and genteel life—I don't think it's natural—give me Mr. Woodley—La! there's that odious thing coming this way.

Enter Lovelace.

Love. My charming little innocent, I have not ſeen you theſe three hours.

Nan. I have been very happy theſe three hours.

Love. My ſweet angel, you ſeem diſconcerted—And you neglect your pretty figure—No matter for the preſent; in a little time I ſhall make you appear as graceful and genteel as your ſiſter.

Nan. That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

Love. Ay, but my pretty little dear, that ſhou'd engage your attention—to ſet off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, ſhould be the buſineſs of your life.

Nan. Ah! but I have learnt a new ſong that contradicts what you ſay, and tho' I am not in a very good humour for ſinging, yet you ſhall hear it.

Love. By all means;——don't check your fancy—I am all attention.

Nan. It expreſſes my ſentiments, and when you have heard them, you won't teize me any more.

SONG.

1.

To dance, and to dreſs, and to flaunt it about,
To run to park, play, to aſſembly and rout,
To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,
And one poor hair torture a million of ways,
To put, at the glaſs, ev'ry feature to ſchool,
And practiſe their art on each fop and each fool,
Of one thing to think, and another to tell,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy belle.

2.

To ſmile, and to ſimper, white teeth to diſplay;
The time in gay follies to trifle away;
Againſt ev'ry virtue the boſom to ſteel,
And only of dreſs the anxieties feel;
To be at Eve's ear, the inſidious decoy,
The pleaſure ne'er taſte, yet the miſchief enjoy,
To boaſt of ſoft raptures they never can know,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy beau. [*Exit.*

Love. I muſt have her notwithſtanding this——for tho' I am not in love, yet I'm in debt.

Enter Drugget.

Drug. So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above-ſtairs? is this abſurd quarrel at an end—Have they made it up?

Love. Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir—theſe little fracas among the better ſort of people never laſt long—elegant trifles cauſe elegant diſputes, and we come together elegantly again—as you ſee—for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Enter Sir Charles *and Lady* Rackett.

Sir *Cha.* Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; Sir, you ſee me now in the moſt perfect harmony of ſpirits.

Drug. What, all reconcil'd again?

Lady *R.* All made up, Sir—I knew how to bring him to my lure—This is the firſt difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.——

Sir *Cha.* And I'll be ſworn it ſhall be the laſt.

Drug. I am happy at laſt—Sir Charles, I can ſpare you an image to put on the top of your houſe in London.

Sir *Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* Infinitely oblig'd to you.

Drug. Well! well!—It's time to retire now—I am glad to ſee you reconciled—and now I'll wiſh you a good night, Sir Charles—Mr. Lovelace, this is your way——fare ye well both——I am glad your quarrels are at an end——This way, Mr. Lovelace —

[*Exeunt* Lovelace *and* Drugget.

Lady *R.* Ah! you're a ſad man Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done———

Sir *Cha.* My dear, I grant it——and ſuch an abſurd quarrel too—ha! ha!

Lady *R.* Yes—ha! ha!—about ſuch a trifle———

Sir *Cha.* It's pleaſant how we could both fall into ſuch an error——ha! ha'———

Lady *R.* Ridiculous beyond expreſſion——ha! ha!

Sir *Cha.* And then the miſtake your father and mother fell into———ha! ha!

Lady R. That too is a diverting part of the ſtory—ha! ha!—But, Sir Charles, muſt I ſtay and live with my father till I grow as fantaſtical as his own evergreens?

Sir *Cha.* No, no, prithee don't remind me of my folly.

Lady *R.* Ah! my relations were all ſtanding behind counters, ſelling Whitechapel needles, while your family were ſpending great eſtates.

Sir *Cha.* Nay, nay, ſpare my bluſhes.

Lady *R.* How could you ſay ſo harſh a thing?——I don't love you.

Sir *Cha.* It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady *R.* Am I a vile woman?

Sir *Cha.* How can you, my angel?

Lady *R.* I ſhan't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this. *(Sings and plays with him.)*—"Go, naughty man."———Ah! Sir Charles———

Sir *Cha.* The reſt of my life ſhall aim at convincing you how ſincerely I love———

Lady *R.* *(Sings.)* "Go, naughty man, I can't abide you"—Well! come let us go to reſt. *(Going.)* Ah, Sir Charles!—now it's all over, the diamond was the play—

Sir *Cha.* Oh no, no, no,—my dear! ha! ha!—It was the club indeed———

Lady *R.* Indeed my love, you're miſtaken.

Sir *Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* Oh, no, no, no———

Lady *R.* But I ſay, yes, yes, yes—*(Both laughing.)*

Sir *Cha.* Pſh'aw, no ſuch thing—ha! ha!——

Lady *R.* 'Tis ſo, indeed———ha! ha!———

Sir *Cha.* No—no—no—you'll make me die with laughing———

Lady *R.* Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha! ha! *(Toying with him.)*

Enter Footman.

Footm. Your honour's cap and ſlippers——

Sir *Cha.* Ay, lay down my night cap—and here take theſe ſhoes off. *(He takes 'em off, and leaves 'em at a diſtance.)* Indeed my Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing———ha! ha!———

Lady *R.* You may laugh—but I'm right notwithſtanding———

Sir *Cha.* How can you ſay ſo?

Lady *R.* How can you ſay otherwiſe?

Sir *Cha.* Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett—— We now can talk of this matter in good humour—— we can diſcuſs it cooly———

Lady *R.* So we can—and it's for that reaſon I venture to ſpeak to you—are theſe the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir *Cha.* They are my dear.

Lady *R.* They are very pretty——but indeed you played the card wrong———

Sir *Cha.* Po, there's nothing ſo clear—if you will but hear me—only hear me———

Lady *R.* Ah!—but do you hear me—the thing was thus—the adverſary's club being the beſt in the houſe—

Sir *Cha.* How can you talk ſo!—*(ſomewhat peeviſh.)*

Lady *R.* See there now———

Sir *Cha.* Liſten to me—this was the affair———

Lady *R.* Pſhaw! fiddleſtick! hear me firſt.

Sir *Cha.* Po—no—damn it—let me ſpeak.

Lady *R.* Well, to be ſure you're a ſtrange man——

Sir *Cha.* Plague and torture! there is no ſuch thing as converſing with you———

Lady *R.* Very well, Sir—fly out again———

Sir *Cha.*

Sir *Cha.* Look here now—here's a pack of cards—now you ſhall be convinc'd———

Lady *R.* You may talk till to-morrow—I know I'm right. *(walks about.)*

Sir *Cha.* Why then, by all that's perverſe, you are the moſt headſtrong—Can't you look here now—here are the very cards—

Lady *R.* Go on; you'll find it out at laſt———

Sir *Cha.* Damn it! will you let a man ſhew you! Po! its all nonſenſe—I'll talk no more about it--*(Puts up the cards.)* Come, we'll go to bed *(Going.)* Now only ſtay a moment—*(Takes out the cards.)*—Now, mind me—ſee here———

Lady *R.* No, it does not ſignify—your head will be clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed———

Sir *Cha.* Stay a moment, can't ye———

Lady *R.* No—my head begins to ake—*(Affectedly.)*

Sir *Cha.* Why then damn the cards—there—there—*(Throwing the cards about.)* and there, and there—you may go to bed by yourſelf—and confuſion ſeize me, if I live a moment longer with you—*(Putting on his ſhoes again.)*

Enter Dimity.

Dim. Did you call, Sir?

Sir *Cha.* No——never——never——madam——

Dim. (In a fit of laughing.) What, at it again!

Lady *R.* Take your own way, Sir———

Sir *Cha.* Now then I tell you once more you are a vile woman.

Dim. Law, Sir!—This is charming—I'll run and tell the old couple. [*Exit.*

Sir *Cha. (Still putting on his ſhoes.)* You are the moſt perverſe, obſtinate, nonſenſical——

Lady *R.* Ha! ha! don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles.

Sir *Cha.* Hell and the devil—will you ſit down quietly and let me convince you.———

Lady *R.* I dont chuſe to hear any more about it—

Sir *Cha.* Why then I believe you are poſſeſſed—it is in vain to talk ſenſe and reaſon to you———

Lady *R.*

Lady *R.* Thank you for your compliment, Sir—ſuch a man *(With a ſneering laugh.)* I never knew the like—*(Sits down.)*

Sir *Cha.* I promiſe you, you ſhall repent of this uſage, before you have a moment of my company again——it ſhan't be in a hurry you may depend, Madam—Now ſee here—I can prove it to a demonſtration *(Sits down by her, ſhe gets up.)* Look ye there again now—you have the moſt perverſe and peeviſh temper—I wiſh I had never ſeen your face—I wiſh I was a thouſand miles off from you—ſit down but one moment—

Lady *R.* I'm diſpos'd to walk about, Sir———

Sir *Cha.* Why then may I periſh if ever a blockhead—an ideot I was to marry *(Walks about.)* ſuch a provoking—impertinent—*(She ſits down.)*—Damnation!—I am ſo clear in the thing—She is not worth my notice—*(Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneaſy.)* I'll take no more pains, about it—*(Pauſes for ſome time, then looks at her.)* Is it not very ſtrange, that you won't hear me?

Lady *R.* Sir, I am very ready to hear you———.

Sir *Cha.* Very well then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game ſtood———

Lady *R.* I wiſh you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me———

Sir *Cha.* Why can't you liſten?———

Lady *R.* I tell you it hurts me terribly———

Sir *Cha.* Death and confuſion! there is no bearing this—you may be as wrong as you pleaſe, and may I never hold four by honours, if I ever endeavour to ſet you right again. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Drugget, Woodley, Lovelace, *and* Nancy.

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady *R.* Never was ſuch a man born—I did not ſay a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I ſuppoſe. Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, ſhe is yours for life——

Mrs. *D.*

Mrs. *D.* My dear, how can you be ſo———

Drug. It ſhall be ſo—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life ſhall be devoted to her happineſs.

Love. The devil! and ſo I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

Lady *R.* Oh! this is only one of thoſe polite diſputes which people of quality, who have nothing elſe to differ about, muſt always be liable to—This will all be made up———

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now—Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I ſhall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my ſhrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, ſay I!—for theſe wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we muſt all come to.*

Lady Rackett *coming forward.*

WHAT we muſt all come to? What?—Come to what?
Muſt broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wiſe deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll ſhew it.
What could induce him in an age ſo nice———
So fam'd for virtue, ſo refin'd from vice,
To form a plan ſo trivial, falſe, and low?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau:
As if there were—in theſe thrice happy days,
One who from nature, or from reaſon ſtrays!
There's no croſs huſband now; no wrangling wife,
The man is downright ignorant of life.
'Tis the millennium this—devoid of guile,
Fair gentle Truth, and white-rob'd Candour ſmile.
From every breaſt the ſordid love of gold
Is baniſh'd quite—no boroughs now are ſold!
Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow,)
Pray—is there ſuch a thing as Gaming now?
Do peers make laws againſt that giant Vice,
And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?

No—

No—no—our lives are virtuous all, auſtere and hard;—
Pray, ladies—do you ever ſee a card?
Thoſe empty boxes ſhew you don't love plays;
The managers poor ſouls! get nothing now a days.
If here you come—by chance—but once a week,
The pit can witneſs that you never ſpeak:
Penſive Attention ſits with decent mien;
No paint, no naked ſhoulders to be ſeen!
And yet this grave, this moral pious age,
May learn one uſeful leſſon from the ſtage.
Shun ſtrife, ye fair, and once a conteſt o'er,
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more——
From fierce debate fly all the tender loves,
And Venus cries, "coachman, put-to my doves."
The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,
"And every day becomes a day of cares."

FINIS.

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